

Kwik Work On A Broken Heart

by beaweasley2

During the war of Voldemort's first rising, Emmeline Vance suffered the losses of friends and family. Nevertheless, as they say, time heals all wounds. It can also bring happiness. And so it was for Emmeline that during the time between Voldemort's disappearance and his return, she found some romance during this brief period of peace.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I owe a great deal of thanks to MMADfan. She deserves a big hug for cleaning this up for me.

November 1980

Emmeline Vance carried her charred and battered broom quickly down the street. She, like many others, was very glad to see the end of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, but she was in mourning as well. She'd lost a lot of friends in this war and her ailing father. She still couldn't believe that Marlene McKinnon and Dorcas Meadows were gone, as well as her dearest friend, Edgar Bones, and his twin brother, Ralph. His death would always haunt her dreams. She'd loved Edgar once. They'd been a childhood sweethearts, her first love in school, and she had continued to fight vigorously to avenge him. Only Edgar's sister-in-law and his adorable little niece survived him. Susan Bones looked so much like her mother, but she had Edgar's little nose and his hair coloring, and looking at her made her heart both happy and sad. The little girl would only know her uncle through stories, never really know how brave, capable, and funny he'd been or how he'd snort when laughing at a joke. And what happened to the Longbottoms... Emmeline shuddered involuntarily. It was just too horrible to dwell on. So many remarkable people had died defending what they believed in.

Emmeline wiped a tear that ran down her cheek. 'Remember them alive and the good times we shared,' she reminded herself as she entered the broom repair shop.

A broad-shouldered, plain man in a sawdust-covered apron greeted Emmeline when she entered the shop.

"May I help you?" he asked with a friendly smile.

Emmeline was momentarily mesmerized by his sparkling lavender eyes, mop of curly brown hair, and his kind countenance. "Yes, my broom," she finally said. "I was wondering if it could be repaired."

The man took the broom, running his strong, thick fingers down the length of the broom handle. "I haven't seen damage like this in a long time. What may I ask happened? Is this a curse blast mark? You're lucky it didn't knock you off your broom!" he asked, aghast, examining the burn spots on the handle.

The one he was pointing to was actually from Rodolphus LeStrange and had nearly killed her. She was lucky the broom was sound enough that it hadn't splintered and dumped her two hundred feet into the Seine. "It almost did," she replied with a shudder.

"I'll need to run some tests on it and check the innate magic of the wood before I can determine if it's sound enough to repair," he said, looking up at her.

Emmeline felt certain that whomever this wizard was married to was the luckiest witch alive. She could barely take her eyes off him. "That is fine," she said demurely. "How long should it take?"

The man laughed, a rich hearty laugh that sounded real and alive to her. Not like the laugh of someone who cried in her tea every night with regrets and remembrances. "I'm usually asked how much first."

Emmeline tore her eyes away from the shopkeeper. "This broom has served me well, saved my neck in a few air fights. I'd really appreciate having it restored."

"I'll see what I can do," he replied, carrying her broom to his workbench.

Emmeline was very pleased to see how gently he laid it down. Respectfully, as if he knew what the broom meant to her. "Thank you..."

"Arkie, Arkie Alderton," he said returning with a receipt.

Emmeline smiled, realizing he was the proprietor of the shop. Somehow, knowing this gave her a full sense of trust that he'd save her broom. "Emmeline Vance. It's a pleasure," she replied, holding out her hand.

Arkie seemed to gape at her, and Emmeline realized he must have read her name in the papers. "Emmeline Vance...the...it's my honor, really."

June 1981

The year had seen a lot of changes, some for the better, some not so. So many people were accused of being Death Eaters, and there were a lot of witches and wizards who claimed to be under the Imperius Curse. The problem was that there was no sure way to tell. Trials, hearings, and investigations went on for months, and the sense of fear remained. Time and time again, Emmeline was summoned to appear before the Wizengamot to testify. Many people wanted the use of Veritaserum used in the hearings, but just as many argued against its use on the grounds that it took away a person's rights. Still, Barty Crouch Sr. was relentless in bringing down the Death Eaters and locking away the guilty. Emmeline well remembered her few encounters with the Dementors, and the thought of life in Azkaban seemed like a life sentence in hell to her.

Emmeline's old broom was acting sluggishly again, so she brought it back to Mr. Alderton's shop to see if it could be repaired.

The bell over the door announced her entry. Mr. Alderton was at his workbench, aligning tail twigs on a broom. He looked up and smiled upon seeing her. "I'll be with you in a moment, Miss Vance," he called out.

Emmeline was once again caught off guard by his warm smile and gorgeous eyes. "Not a problem, I'll just..." she stammered, indicating his shop displays with her hand.

"By all means," he said. "I'll be done in a jiffy."

He turned back to the cord he'd been securing, binding the new tail twigs in place. Emmeline stood there watching him, mesmerized by the strength of his hands as he tied the cord and the delicate precision with which he placed each twig. He seemed to know precisely how to lay each twig so that it fit in perfectly with its neighbors and created a streamlined tail end. She had been so spellbound watching him work that she missed the sly looks he cast her way, blushing slightly under her stare.

Mr. Alderton tied off the head and secured the knot, tucking it under and out of sight. She smiled as the broom hovered under his hand before he set it down again. He turned to her suddenly. "Now what can I do for you?" he asked.

"Pardon me?" she asked, slightly caught off guard and drawn back to her reason for being in his shop.

"I don't suppose you came in here to watch me work," he said, nodding at the broom in her hand. "Is it giving you trouble again?"

"I didn't mean to stare," she apologized, feeling flustered. "It's just I've never seen anyone attach tail twigs before..."

"It's fine. Can't say I'm used to such an attentive audience myself," he replied, blushing. "But I was at a tricky step, and if I'd set it down, I might have needed to start all over. Was there something you needed regarding your broom?"

"Oh, yes, it's not flying as well. Sluggish, and the handle dips on the turns," she explained, handing him her broom.

He carefully examined the broom, checking the balance and eyeing the tail and head. "Looks like it's wearing down. Twigs need realignment. I'll have to re-bind them and a few need replacing. Shaft is still strong. You've been using the wax I gave you, I see."

"Oh, yes, religiously. I rub it down well and stroke it firmly each night," she replied, blushing foolishly as she met his gaze and realized what she'd said. "Just as you told me I should."

"Well, yes," he said, swallowing. "I can tell." He turned quickly, laying her broom gently on his sideboard. "I have a few jobs to do; I will need to have it for a week. Will that be all right?"

"Oh, yes, of course," Emmeline replied. "When should I return?"

She thought he mumbled 'every day,' or possibly 'any day,' but when he turned, handing her the receipt, he said, "No later than Friday at the latest. I can send you an owl when it's ready."

"I'll return Friday if I don't hear from you, then," she replied, writing down her address. "My home is still protected by wards...reporters and all. You understand."

"I'll proudly keep your secret," he said, tucking the slip of parchment into the top pocket of his apron. "You'll hear from me soon."

"Thank you." Emmeline felt like a schoolgirl when she turned at the door to look at him one last time and realized he'd been watching her leave. She waved shyly, and he waved back. 'Oh, he probably has a witch at home and three adorable children. Wizards like him are never unattached,' she chided herself as she walked to Madam Milliken's.

July 1982

Emmeline missed flying. Her old broom that had saved her from some really near hits from Death Eaters during You-Know-Who's bid for domination had finally run its twigs down. As much as she hated to let the broom go, it was time. Mr. Alderton had done a fine job fixing her broom, but the damage to the wood had weakened the innate magic of the broom. She'd taken it in like clockwork, on the first of every month for maintenance, always hoping to see that adorable shopkeeper Arkie Alderton. He'd personally attended to her each time she'd come in, and he had provided such expert care that her broom lasted far longer than he'd originally thought it would upon her first visit. Still, she'd gotten another year from the faithful Cleansweep. Not wanting to throw it away...or burn it, as was the usual practice for old brooms...she still wanted to keep the broom as a reminder of happier flights before You-Know-Who and because it had been such a faithful friend during the war.

She returned to the broom shop, hoping to have the Cleansweep sealed so she could mount it on her wall at home. She was immensely pleased to see Arkie attending a customer at a display of refurbished brooms. He looked up and smiled at her when he heard the sound of the bell.

"I'll be with you in a moment," he called out.

Emmeline smiled back and nodded that she'd wait. She walked around, admiring the various brooms on display. Every few seconds, Emmeline turned her head slightly to watch Arkie slyly as he finished with the other customer. She noticed that once again, his apron was clean, his trousers were pressed, and his shoes were polished to a shine. It was such a change from the worn loafers and sawdust-covered apron and robes that she remembered him in during her first few visits. She smiled when she remembered how he'd had a hint of oil on his hands when she'd come back to pick up her broom the first time. It was possible that today she'd come on a day when he didn't have a lot of broom maintenance to do or quite possibly he had an appointment after closing.

She was reading the card on the new model of the Sureflyer when Arkie approached. "That's a fine one. Good maneuvering, nice balance, and comes with a full broom maintenance kit," he said, stopping to stand only a few inches away. "Probably not the quality you're used to, but a nice ladies' broom."

"Actually I came regarding my old broom," Emmeline said, turning to face him. Up close, Arkie's lavender eyes held hers like a Mooncalf in the wand light.

"You've been flying on it?" His brows knit in confusion. "I thought I told you it was on its last twig last month! It's too dangerous to run a broom into the dirt. You could get hurt!"

She was deeply flattered by his apparent concern for her well-being. "No, well, to market and back," she admitted. "It's been a faithful friend, but it's had its last flight."

"I can't believe it's lasted this long," Arkie said, astounded. "I'm quite sure I won't be able to repair it. I was fairly surprised it mended the last time, and I was certain it wouldn't carry much weight."

"Oh, I'm not here to repair it. I was hoping you could seal it so I could mount it..." She lowered her head and blushed. "I just cannot destroy it. It saved my life so many times."

Arkie smiled warmly, and Emmeline felt her heart skip. "I can have it ready for you by closing."

Emmeline looked at him gratefully. "Thank you, Arkie, I really appreciate it."

Arkie looked at the wall clock and back to Emmeline. "Miss Vance, if it's not being too forward," he started to say and fumbled.

"Please, call me Emmeline," she said, mentally crossing her fingers.

"Emmeline..." he said, a deep flush covering his cheeks and neck. "Maybe if you're not otherwise engaged, you might consider joining me for a bite at the Leaky Cauldron?" He looked up at her expectantly, but Emmeline simply stared at him for a moment, surprised at the invitation. "Or, if you've another beau, I'd completely understand."

Emmeline was completely caught off guard. "No!"

Arkie blushed again and looked away. "Oh, yes, of course," he said, obviously feeling awkward.

"I mean, I don't have a beau," Emmeline tried to explain, suddenly at a loss for words.

"Oh. No? Right then, er," he stammered.

"I usually don't," Emmeline started to say, suddenly remembering she was meeting Hestia and Minerva for dinner.

"I understand," he said, sounding quite dejected.

Emmeline shook her head and smiled. "It's just that tonight I'm meeting the girls in Hogsmeade."

"Oh!" he said, sparking up a bit, looking hopeful.

"Maybe you'd like to make it another night?" Emmeline suggested, really hoping she was reading him right.

"Really? I mean, sure," he replied, trying to seem pleased but not overly anxious. It was obvious anyway that he really couldn't believe that she was accepting...no, offering to have dinner with him. "Any night...at your convenience."

"Maybe if I came back for my broom, say, tomorrow?" Emmeline suggested, hoping she wasn't being too presumptuous.

"I'd like that very much. Say, around six?" he asked, smiling broadly.

Emmeline felt her heart skip at the way his smile lit up his face and made dimples in his pudgy cheeks. "It's a date."

July 1983

They had been sending correspondence for a year now. It started out as spending every Friday together for dinner in a respectable café, and occasionally taking an evening stroll on the beach somewhere, and became two nights a week, then three, and sometimes four. Arkie's business had grown after the war. His new design for the new Cleansweeps had saved the broom company from near collapse following the introduction of the Nimbus Broom Company's newest line of racing brooms.

Emmeline stood beside Arkie, staring out at the sea on the Southport Pier, watching the sunset. Just as the lamps lit, Arkie turned to face her. "Beautiful, really just takes my breath away each time," he said softly.

She sighed in full agreement. "I love the sunset over the water, too. Almost as pretty as seeing the moonlight of a full moon reflecting on the dark water."

She turned to smile at him and realized he was staring at her.

"Yes, but I meant you," he replied.

"Me?" His stare was enough to give her flutters in her stomach. He was such a gentle man, considering his burly arms and strong hands, always so polite and respectful toward her.

"Yes, you," he said, laughing. "I cannot believe a witch like you would ever spend time with an old wood chip like me."

Emmeline laughed, loving this sense of humor and modesty. "You are hardly old. You're only a few years older than me," she replied. "Besides, I like being with you, too."

"I'd like to spend more time with you," he said, his head lowering slightly, the shyness coming out again, and then looking up again expectantly.

Emmeline smiled, positively delighted with the prospect of more evenings in his company. "I'd like that as well."

Arkie pulled a small box from his pocket. "I was thinking about something along the lines of permanently," he said as he opened the small box. Emmeline gasped at the exquisite emerald ring. "I know that green is your favorite color."

"Oh, Arkie! It's beautiful!" she replied, clutching her shawl over her chest.

"Is that a yes?"

"Oh, yes. Of course, yes."

May 1984

The wedding was a small affair. Emmeline had always wanted a May wedding with loads of flowers and fairy lights. Hestia was more than happy to have the wedding in the forest glade next to her house. Arbors and arches covered with all types of flowers, both magical and mundane, filled the air with fragrance. Fairy lights made everything sparkle. She couldn't have been happier.

The guests of the bride and groom consisted of family, friends, several friends from the Ministry, and many of the Order members, all mingling in the crisp spring evening of the garden glade. Little Susan, her flower girl, ran around chasing little Ronald Weasley, her ring bearer. Fred and George Weasley were being monitored and carefully reined in by their older brothers. Unbeknownst to Arthur and Molly, the older boys were bribed that if neither Fred nor George made any nuisance of themselves, then Bill, Charlie, and Percy would have a chance to ride the new Cleansweep Arrowflight Arkie had designed.

The boys were delighted. The new model was still undergoing months of test flights and wouldn't even be available in the stores until August. Emmeline knew that Charlie especially wanted to try the new broom. Emmeline smiled, knowing that Arkie was going to give Arthur Weasley the test broom for his boy so he'd have a broom to try out for Quidditch in September. Emmeline had allowed the boy to fly her own broom over Christmas holidays, and Charlie was a natural-born flyer, just like she.

Dedalus approached the happy couple, smiling happily at his friends. "May I steal the bride for a dance?" he asked Arkie.

"Only if you promise to give her back," he replied jovially.

"As if I could steal her away from you permanently," Dedalus answered, laughing as he held out his elbow to her. "I promise to have her back in fine shape after a turn or two on the floor," he said over his shoulder. Dedalus looked at her a moment. "Emmeline, I don't think I've ever seen you more radiant," he said just as the music started again.

"Thank you, Dedalus," she replied, blushing as they began to waltz.

June 1994

The Daily Prophet

Mass murderer, and only wizard to have ever escaped from Azkaban, Sirius Black has escaped again. Sirius Black was apprehended by Professor Severus Snape on the Hogwarts School grounds and taken into custody awaiting transport back to Azkaban. However, when the Ministry Aurors arrived take him into custody, Sirius Black had managed to escape...again. By some rather unusual circumstances, the warded room in the upmost tower had been blasted open, a completely remarkable feat for someone without a wand, and the prisoner seemed to have literally flown away. Sources at the school say that both Professor Severus Snape and Headmaster Albus Dumbledore had secured Sirius Black in the tower room. How the Sirius Black escaped is still under investigation.

"Where were you?" he asked as soon as she walked into the door.

"I went to see an old friend," Emmeline replied, removing her hat and gloves.

He set down the *Daily Prophet*, making his teacup rattle. "You went to see Dumbledore, didn't you?"

She turned to face him. "Yes, and Minerva. I had to know the truth," she replied, looking at him beseechingly.

"The truth about what exactly?" he asked, his eyes worried.

"About Sirius Black," she replied demurely. She'd been worried about his escape all year. The fact he'd escaped capture...again...and at Hogwarts no less, worried her deeply.

"That murderer? Why are you concerned about him?" Arkie asked, concerned about her insistent interest in the dangerous wizard.

"He was a friend, a fellow comrade in the Order. I trusted him once," she said, for what seemed to be a repeated phrase the last few months. "I think I was wrong."

"Wrong about what?" he said, rising up to his feet. "You know as well as I do what happened. He killed Peter Pettigrew...and all those people...and blew a hole in the street!"

Emmeline pulled back a chair and sat down wearily. "I'm not sure, but I think it may have been a mistake."

"A mistake?" he asked, astounded, as he sat down again. "Blimey, woman! The man is a killer! He joined the Order to kill Death Eaters, and when he couldn't, he switched sides and joined You-Know-Who. He killed his own friend! It was in the papers!" He moved the paper on the table so she could see the latest article.

She glanced down and then looked back up at him. "You know I don't always believe the papers! I read *The Quibbler* because it makes me laugh, and *Witch Weekly* because I like the articles. But the *Daily Prophet*, they're at it again. Spreading lies."

"How can you be so sure?" he asked. It pained her to see the worry in his expression. "He might come after you."

"It's not likely he'll come after me. He and I were not *that* close," she said reassuringly. "He apparently was after Harry Potter, and they made contact. But he didn't kill Harry; he told him what had happened that day... that Peter Pettigrew had killed all those people." She summoned another teacup and saucer to the table. "Harry Potter saw Peter Pettigrew," she said as he poured tea for her.

"What is this nonsense?" Arkie said, distracted as the tea splashed on tablecloth. "He probably saw a picture of Peter among his parents' things."

Emmeline knew that was a possibility, but didn't really believe it. "As far as I know, Harry Potter didn't have any of his parents' things. In Harry's first year, I got a letter from Hagrid asking for pictures of James and Lily. Harry didn't even know what his parents looked like."

"And the boy probably got a picture of James and his friends," he said, passing her the sugar and cream.

"Yes, I sent him one, but it was very old, about the time of Potter's wedding," Emmeline replied as she added a spoonful of sugar. "I remember him, Arkie. Peter." She added in a dollop of cream and began to stir. "I went to the castle to see Dumbledore and Minerva. Minerva said that Harry Potter described Peter perfectly. How he walked. How he used to wring his hands. How he spoke. Photographs don't tell you how a person sounds, and Hagrid said that none of the pictures showed Peter wringing his hands. He only did that when he was nervous. Minerva is convinced that the boy saw him."

Arkie sat back, his elbows on the armrests of his chair and clasped his hands. "So that's why you went to the castle? I thought you said it was a personal matter."

She knew now that his anger was bred from concern for her and her safety. She smiled and decided to tell him the truth. "That was only one reason. I wanted to see... I wanted Minerva to... to agree to be the godmother of my child."

"Your child? You don't have children," he said, his hands falling on his lap.

"Well, I'm going to. I'm pregnant," she said, taking a sip of tea. His favorite blend, robust and strong, just like him.

"You're what?" he asked, looking up, startled.

"Going to have a baby," she replied, smiling. Poppy had just confirmed it for her on her visit, but Emmeline had been aware of her pregnancy for a few weeks now.

"Is it...I mean...are you... How do you...is it...am I...?" he stammered incoherently.

She smiled. He was gobsmacked, and it was so adorable watching him struggle over the fact that at that exact moment, she wanted to hug him. "Yes, it's ours."

"I'm too old to be a dad." His face lost all color, and his eyes were wide.

"Well, apparently not too old to make one," she reminded him.

He still looked like she'd walloped him with a Bludger. "I'm going to be a father?"

"That's what I'm telling you." She rose up and walked around the table to sit in his lap. "If all goes well, and I carry this baby to term, yes."

"Blimey," he exclaimed, scooting back so he hold her.

She laughed, throwing her arms around him as she sat down. "I love you."

"I love you, too." He held her tenderly as if he would damage her and the baby. "Me, a daddy!"

June 1995

The Daily Prophet

The last event of the infamous Triwizard Tournament concluded with a sudden loss of one of the wizarding world's most promising young wizards. Cedric Diggory was found dead, cradled in the arms of Harry Potter, suspect fourth entry of the tournament and Hogwarts second champion. Sources at the scene state that young Harry Potter was bleeding from his arm, crying, and hugging Cedric Diggory's body, even refusing to let go to allow on-site Healer, Madam Pomfrey, and Hogwarts Professors from seeing to the boys' conditions.

Even more shocking than the tragic death of such an inspiring young man is the fact that young Harry Potter is placing the blame of Cedric Diggory's death on none other than You-Know-Who, claiming that You-Know-Who has returned from the dead. Ministry officials are, of course, denying such claims; however, Albus Dumbledore is suggesting just the opposite.

"Oh, no. I believe him. Absolutely," Emmeline stated determinedly. "There are just too many of the same reoccurrences, disappearances, and unusual happenings that the Ministry is trying to cover up. It's the *Daily Prophet* that I don't believe. Just like before, they are not printing the truth...just Fudge's paranoid explanations and the defamation of innocent peoples' characters."

"You think the Minister of Magic is paranoid?" Arkie asked, eating a late breakfast with her on his one day off from the shop.

It wasn't the first time he and she had disagreed. But usually he had an open mind, considering who her friends were. "I most certainly do!" Emma declared. "Don't you?"

"I don't know. The Minister always seemed like such an amiable fellow," he replied, tucking into his eggs.

"Amiable and terrified out of his wits that Albus is right," Emma stated firmly. "Can't you see what's happening?"

"The man has been so very influential all these years, and the people are praising Dumbledore for fighting against You-Know-Who. Of course Fudge is concerned." Arkie grasped her hand. "Dumbledore is just showing signs of strain and fatigue. It's bound to make you dotty."

"Dumbledore dotty? Are you mad?" she shrieked, jerking her hand away. "I suppose you think that Harry Potter is wonky, too? Just this attention-seeking little whelp who has delusions of grandeur?"

He pulled his hand away. "According to the *Prophet*, yes."

"Arkie, I've met the boy! Oh, it was some time ago...but he was so sweet and modest," she tried convincing him. He just couldn't be another one who believed the *Daily Prophet* that Dumbledore and Harry Potter were lying. "I was permitted to watch the first challenge at Hogwarts. Harry's so like his father, it's uncanny. I was talking to Minerva, and she vouches for the boy's sanity and honesty. He's been marked by You-Know-Who, and if he's returning to power, little Harry Potter is going to be his number one target. You remember what that's like, don't you?"

"Exactly, and the boy is just frightened. It's his deepest fears that failed his broom," Arkie stated, using one of his typical phrases. "He simply has to let go of the fall and climb back on...not be coddled and pampered."

"Arkie, he's not like that at all!" she exclaimed. She could see he wasn't convinced. "Please, let's enjoy breakfast and not talk about this. I think that in time, it will be clear what is happening, but today, I don't want to fight about it."

"But you're going to join up with Dumbledore again, aren't you?" he asked, lowering his head.

"If he summons me, yes," she replied, knowing he'd only worry about her even more. "I fought You-Know-Who before, and if he's coming back...he'll be even more terrible than before. I have to. For all those I knew and lost, for the friends I loved who died, for our future."

"But, Emma, it's just like Fudge said, Dumbledore wants to build up an army," he said imploringly, looking at her earnestly.

"To stand up against a megalomaniac and fight for what's right," she said, trying to keep the determination in her voice from being too dramatic.

"To take over the Ministry," he grumbled.

Emma laughed. "Arkie, of this I can *absolutely* promise you. Albus loves being Headmaster of Hogwarts. He has *never* wanted to be Minister of Magic. He even turned down the job several times. He loves guiding and shaping the young lives under his care and seeing them grow up to their potential. He has no desire now or ever to take over the Ministry. But yes, if he raises forces to fight You-Know-Who, I'm in."

"You've a daughter to consider!" he said, slamming his fist on the table, making the china rattle.

"I know I have a daughter to consider," she replied, raising her voice. "I also have *you* to consider," she said, moderating her tone. Truth was, if You-Know-Who was coming back, she would be more worried for him than for herself or for Marlene.

He looked up at her astounded. "Me?"

"Yes, you! You don't remember what he was like? How he used to attack families? How every Muggle-born was a target?" she asked, deeply concerned that he'd forgotten or that his memory of the dark times had become clouded like so many others. "Arkie, you're Muggle-born! You're a famous broom designer and have a successful shop! Aren't you the least bit alarmed?"

"He's not back, love. Really, you're worried over nothing."

July 1996

The Quibbler

I have the unfortunate task of informing the wizarding world of the tragic loss of a beloved witch, Emmeline Vance. As for any who knew this stately and decisive woman, her sudden demise came as quite a blow. There is no doubt in this reporter's mind that she is yet another tragic victim fallen because she stood up against the Death Eaters and You-Know-Who. Emmeline fought against You-Know-Who during his first rise to power and similarly picked up the wand against him in this, his second bid for world domination.

Wife to renowned broomstick designer Arkenold 'Arkie' Alderton, Emmeline is survived by her husband of 12 years and her daughter, Marlene Dorcas Alderton...

Arkie carried a single stem of white star lilies to set on her grave. Her marble headstone was simple and elegant, just as she had been in life. The soft green grass that covered her grave was the same shade as the shawl he'd given her. There was a small potted gardenia sitting next to the headstone. He laid his flower on her headstone and stared at the fragrant blooms. It was her second favorite flower, gardenias. She'd had several in her garden under the windows of their bedroom and lounge. A little stone bench stood next to a fence covered with tea roses. 'Just like her back garden,' he thought. A huge tear ran down his face. 'She was right all along. I'd been too frightened of the truth to believe her, too terrified of the ramifications to take a stand when she was alive. But Horntails, I'll take a stand now!' Only he didn't know how to contact Dumbledore. Maybe if he contacted Professor McGonagall, she'd get his message to Dumbledore. In the meantime, he'd look after her daughter...their daughter.

With a flick of his wand, he made a hole for the gardenia and planted it with great care.

He'd contact St. Mungo's, and when his little girl woke up, he'd be there at her side. He'd take her home and raise her to be brave and loyal and honest like her mum. He'd tell little Marlene all about her brave mum and teach her to stand up for what was right, not just what was easy. He'd do right by Emma. He'd see to it.

~fin~

Author's notes:

25. It's between Voldemort's disappearance and his return; write a romance between any two canon characters during this period of peace

The character information I used was borrowed from HP Lexicon:

Emmeline Vance Member of the Order of the Phoenix, both in the 1970s and in the 1990s. She was part of the Advance Guard that escorted Harry from the Dursleys on Privet Drive to Grimmauld Place. She is described as a stately looking witch with an emerald green shawl. According to Severus Snape, she was brutally murdered by Death Eaters in the first weeks of the Second Wizarding War, either in late June or early July 1996, after he'd betrayed her. Her murder occurred near number ten Downing Street, London.

Arkie Alderton, according to canon, is a well-known broomstick designer, the current proprietor (or his namesake) of "Arkie Alderton's Kwik-Repair Shop" for magical brooms.